

OCT 19 1967

1-1-593/A, Gandhinagar,
Bakaram, Hyderabad-20,
Andhra Pradesh, India.

October 11, 1967.

Dear Joshua,

I was immensely shocked by your PPS. I had received your letter during the one day of the week which is consistent hard work, opened it noticing enclosures, been immensely pleased to hear from you, from which pleasure your mention of money had not detracted, hurried out to pick up friends to whom I had described you and Esther, in detail, including Christmas week in Boston 1946, gone to one of those mass produced films in which Paul Newman does something about the iron curtain in a north European country vaguely familiar to me, but not to my escorts, who came home with me, after a late dinner to find your PPS. I am immensely sorry.

I have no objection to you republishing anything of Haldane's. As getting a book thro' press requires work, we must look into how you will be paid for this. As I understand the will, any royalties from previous unpublished scientific work go to Jayakar. There is one considerable manuscript of a book which Maynard Smith in the early 1950s used to refer to as the Principia.

What might interest you is an unfinished science fiction novel begun in 1954, when it was immensely moving, but even when I read it a few years ago already dated.

I have already written the short paragraph of how it would end, which Haldane had been curiously reluctant to tell me. It reveals, at least to one who knew him, a very great deal of his values. The typescript is in good condition. Are you interested - it is at least as unusual as the Gold Makers. The royalties of this have been promised to the man who is typing this letter.

Your articles - I have just read them straight thro' immediately on finishing Nigel Calder's "The Environment Game". At the moment I am at the other end of the argument. I am trying to buy land, both avoiding taking good agricultural land out of action but also contributing to the extension of an already sprawling city. I intend to keep a Tier garden to build a house to last my lifetime, partly because it would dip too deeply into my capital to build a permanent house to house my library which contains most of JBSH's (he left some to Jayakar) JSH's and John Burdon Sanderson's, and secondly because I have no obvious heir, and a house that would please me might not be easy to sell. Also, as you may remember, almost all modern architecture in India is appalling, and I have not the skill to direct an architect to make what I approve.

The address on this note paper is temporary. The house is mad - with grills between the sitting room and the bedrooms! I can stand it because packing cases do not bang on bathroom doors and shout that they will be late for school, college or work.

What is serious is that I am now dissociated from any scientific institution and am thus dependent on correspondence and reprints. Please get the word around.

would visit me while you are in Asia. There is no chance of me being at the congress. I will not be on any official Indian delegation - quite rightly as my work in India may have been about evolution - but it was not genetics - and to attempt to go as a private individual is effectively impossible. Also I don't like going to congresses, and not reading a paper. We are starting up poultry genetics. The formal genetics of village poultry who have the physical possibility of mating with jungle fowls, G. gallus murghi, is much more like that already known, than Hutt, at least expected.

This letter has got too long.

Yours sincerely,

Helen

(H. Spurway)

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